

The Pocahontas Times.

Hear, Land o' Cakes and brither Boots,
Frae Maidenkirik to Johnny Groat,
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye tent it;
A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
An' faith he'll prent it. — Burns.

Local Events.

Fine rains fell in Pocahontas last Sunday.

Col R. S. Turk is in town abstracting titles of land.

Miss Mary Bell has been visiting at W. W. Beard's.

Isaac Dean of Driscoll was in Marlinton Wednesday.

Geo. W. McClutic left last Monday for Camden-on-Gauley.

The railroad takes quite a lot of county road near Driftwood.

One of W. W. Tyree's big gray horses died at Mountain Grove last week.

Mrs. Dora Pritchard from Healing Springs, Va., is visiting her parents at Sunset, Mr. and Mrs. Prestor Harper.

Mrs. Lizzie Gibson from Monterey has been spending a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. Andrew Herold, and other relatives on Knapp's Creek.

The telephone line between the Warm Springs and Driscoll was completed and opened up August 17th. Phones have been placed at Mr. Grove, Mrs. Price's, McClinton's store, and McAllister's law office.

H. W. Randolph and son Ward Randolph arrived in Marlinton last Friday to visit friends. They had ridden from Richmond by way of Charlottesville, Staunton and Monterey on their wheels, which by a cyclometer was 212 miles in four days.

Last summer boys and childrens clothing got their moving orders, about two dozen of them altogether. Three weeks ago they sold readily at \$3.00 each, now your choice at \$1.88. Are you in need of a good mens saddle at \$2.88, or a ladies saddle, carpet seat, at \$5.38? Yours for good values,
The Golden Store.

It is with emotions of sadness that one who admires beautiful scenery to hear the noble pines, — princes of the Alleghany forest, — falling to the earth with crashing sound to be carried away by the flood as articles of commerce, and then after awhile reappear as store boxes, furniture, &c. But such is business in the 19th century.

In the days of cattle driving to Pennsylvania one of the noted cattle stands was the Herron place near Frost. It would not be an extravagant estimate to say that a hundred thousand fat cattle have grazed for a night on these ample pastures in the course of the driving period. The place is now owned by the Gibson brothers and is being put into fine condition for meadows and crops.

Married, at Poultny, Vermont, Prof. J. L. Sydenstricker, of Academy, and Miss Mabel Louise Roberts, of Poultny, Vermont. The groom is the eldest son of Rev. D. S. Sydenstricker, D. D., and is a member of the faculty at the Concord Normal school. The bride has had charge of the music department of the school. They were expected to arrive on the evening of the 30th, when they will be given a reception at the Presbyterian manse at Academy.

The venerable Judge Samuel Miller, of Missouri, thinks that the well known Farm Journal is the best out of twenty journals that he takes. He says its moral tone and the unrelenting war it wages against all humbugs makes it invaluable. What pleases Judge Miller will please you. We are in a position to send Farm Journal from now on to December 1903, nearly five years, to every one who will promptly pay up his subscription to the Pocahontas Times a year ahead and to every new subscriber. Be quick.

T. C. Ware has rented his place at Valley Head and will locate in this section. He will have several hands employed this fall making bee-hives for next year, and contemplates building a factory at Marlinton. For the present he has rented a house for his family at Mill Point. He was not able to fill nearly all of his orders during the past season, owing to much sickness in his family, requiring him to make numerous trips to and from Randolph county. Mr. Ware will contribute a series of articles on the art of bee-keeping; one of the papers appearing in our next issue.

Mrs. John Ponge, near Ponge's Lane, had a frightful encounter with a large rattlesnake near her home, which when attacked by a dog sprang like lightning and coiled around the dogs neck and bit him on the jaw, from the effects of which the dog died next day, its head having swollen to twice the natural size. When the snake was discovered in a berry patch, Mrs. Ponge told one of her children to keep the dog out of danger while she killed it. She struck it a blow with a stick and then the dog rushed on the snake with the result stated. The snake was killed while coiled about the dog's neck. It had 12 rattles.

West Marlinton.

Last week George Baxter, County Surveyor, Colonel Levi Gay, and William M. Sharp, Commissioners, laid off and assigned to the different heirs their portion of the James H. Price land which faces Marlinton. The land on which the town of Marlinton is built has the oldest title of any land in the Greenbrier Valley. 470 acres was surveyed by General Andrew Lewis, the hero of the battle of Point Pleasant in 1761. About 1800, after a long litigation as to whether the title from the crown were good under the new government, they were declared good and the patents were issued. A corner to this old survey, which lies on both sides of the river, is to be seen in two immense oaks at the point of the hill opposite the Temporary Court-house. This is the oldest standing corner in the Greenbrier Valley, and the oaks are still sturdy trees.

West of the bridge there has never been any land alienated with the exception of a lot to William T. Price. Several buildings have been put up on ground leases.

James H. Price died leaving five heirs who take a share of one-sixth each, and nine who take one-fifth each. The land lies on the west bank of the river and has been called West Marlinton. It extends from the mouth of Stony Creek to the mouth of Kee's run, about 1 1/2 miles. The following assignments have been made from the bridge down.

To J. Woods Price all the land below the Price Run, which constitutes his full share. To William T. Price, two acres adjoining his residence and a 50 foot lot near the bridge. To Mrs. Mary E. McLaughlin, the Golden Store-house lot. To John C. Price, the toll-house. To George Burner, the Tyree store-house lot. To each of the children of S. D. Price, a lot in the meadow below the bridge, except Florence Price who receives a lot including the spring above the toll house.

The bottom lands below the mouth of Stony creek are laid off in lots varying in size to make up the valuation according to the value received below the bridge. The most of the timber land is reported to be sold.

The lots below the bridge run from the river to near the top of the ridge.

Mathematics.

Editor Pocahontas Times:

Dear Sir: I send you the following solution of the Problem given last week: "Suppose it is between one and two o'clock and the two hands stand exactly opposite to each other, what time of day is it to the minute, second, fraction?"

This is clearly an algebraic problem, and, as such, is easily solved. To avoid fractions, let x equal number of minutes the hour hand passes over after one o'clock; then, as the minute hand travels twelve times as fast as the hour hand, $12x$ equal number minutes traversed by minute hand. When the two hands are opposite the hour hand will be a short distance past I, then, as VII is opposite I, the minute hand must be the same distance past VII. The whole distance traveled by the minute hand ($12x$) minus the distance from XII to VII (35 min.) equals the distance traveled after passing VII; and, as the hour hand must be the same distance from I, it is obvious that this must also equal the distance traveled by the hour hand (x). This gives the equation $12x - 35 = x$, transposing and adding, $11x = 35$ and $x = 3.18$ minutes. Then $12x = 38.21$ min., or 38 min., 10 1/11 sec., number min. traveled by the minute hand.

Therefore, the two hands are exactly opposite at 1 o'clock, 38 min., 10 1/11 sec. S. L. H.

MILL POINT, W. VA.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo ss.

Lucas County,

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State of Ohio, and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for Testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Notice to My Friends and Patrons.

As I am going to make a change in my business I am compelled to make collection of money due me. You will find all my bonds and accounts in the hands of N. P. Patterson and W. H. Barlow for collection. Please come forward and settle and save farther costs.

AMOS BARLOW, HUNTERVILLE, W. VA.

Matters appear to be rather lively at Frost owing to the presence of the lumber camps and the exhilarating prospects for a railroad through our county very soon. The realization of the road, strange to say, does not seem to ferment the people as much, however, as they were excited during the season of suspense when the subject was merely a matter of speculation.

CONSTRUCTION NOTES.

The Beginning of Work in Marlinton.

Saturday, J. J. Strang of New York City established a camp on the banks of Knapp's Creek, near the Island in the town of Marlinton, and went to work Monday right in a man's corn-field. The corn was cut in a hurry and piled to one side, but it was green and will spoil. But that was not all! He cut down three sweet apple-trees that had been long in growing. Nothing seems to stop the railroad now. Formerly a heavy frost would kill all railroad prospects.

Everyone admires Contractor Strang's outfit. Its glory consists principally in its fine teams, all marked with the "U. S." of the United States Army. There are about 40 mules and 16 horses, and they are all first-class animals. They are worth going a long way to see. The camp consists at present of about twenty tents, and looks like an encampment of troops. It is said these are army equipments recently sold at public auction. We Pocahontas people would rather see the munitions of war employed in building railroad than even in freeing Cubans.

In the hollow of the square formed by the tents is the long rack at which the horses and mules stand. The office tent is fitted up nicely. The dining room tent is about sixty feet long and has two large tables. One the white men use and the other the darkies. Behind the big dining-room we caught a glimpse of a tent which seemed to be occupied by a lady belonging to the encampment.

The outfit is one to be admired, and there are a lot of big strong men who direct things in a way that shows they mean business. Some small boys had scraped an acquaintance with a darkey teamster. "Want to see the lead mule?" "Yes," eagerly. "That he is!" pointing out another darkey. "Yep, I can lead a mule," said that darkey lightly.

"Where are you going to commence work?" they asked. "Oh, down here opposite where I used to live."

"When did you live there?" incredulously.

"Oh, I lived there when dis town was a race-track!"

We saw the same darkey that afternoon when he was struggling with a couple of hard-mouthed mules and had no breath for any light talk.

The work began in the cornfield below Captain Jack Apperson's. As there is a well-beaten path to the Captain's abode there was no trouble finding the way. There were eleven scraper teams at work in a confined space, and a perfectly immense plow drawn by a magnificent span of horses and an equally good span of mules. The greater number of scraper teams were driven by men who were, evidently, new at the business. The bosses were working manfully and talking fluently to teach them to drive a team, and the mules knowing their business the work went on without a hitch, the only thing unusual being the blessings the unhappy teamsters received from the bosses.

One short, heavyset darkey did wonders, in keeping his friends out of trouble. He swore at his mules in heavy, rhythmic oaths, and they worked perfectly. He refused the help of the experienced hand whose duty it was to fill the scraper, saying, "I'm a great mule; I do dis myself," and filled it with an even haul which did not jerk his team by a sudden dig in the earth, but which filled it so it would not hold another shovel-full. And all the time he watched over two other teams whose drivers did not know how to drive, keeping them in line and interpreting and anticipating the bosses' orders and keeping them out of trouble. He was a very present help in trouble.

We followed the fortunes of an Italian who brought in a couple of mules, and who could not have ever driven before. Before he got hitched up a boss expressed his deep conviction that he could not drive a cat! In five minutes he was the recipient of many strong adjectives for blocking teams and taking his load of earth in the wrong direction. After a particularly strong condemnation proceeding, the boss remarked plaintively: "He does n't understand a word I say!"

"Oh, (you adorable one), what are you doing with your team out there? Are you going to Italy?" "Oh (you man of good birth) do n't jerk those mules!" "Oh (you man of fine sense) keep out of the way!" "Oh, you high-minded man, don't you wish you had stayed at home?"

When on one occasion he took in a load of earth on the fill and dumped it, and then picked up another load of the loose earth from the fill and hauled it away, he was in trouble; but the calamity of calamities was when the hard-mouthed mules straddled a grade-stake bearing the mystic characters placed there by the engineer, and carried it away in the scraper, damming evidence of his guilt.

Now to a railroad construction man a grade-stake is a sacred thing and an old hand remarked that it was ten dollars forfeit to pull up one. The boss apostrophized him, and a young darkey who was enjoying the flow of language was himself suddenly addressed: "You (greatly to be admired) smart-lick, tend to your own team," and then "you (dearly beloved) stop saying 'gee-haw.' Them mules do n't know nothing about such language as that."

But the bosses triumphed. They whipped the inefficient into line, and out of the raw material soon had matters working comparatively smoothly. They are big strong men whose sole aim is to get work done expeditiously and right, and who are educating others in the school through which they themselves have passed. More power to their elbows and their tongues, for there was not a word of malice in all they said and their remarks were well received.

Little Italy opposite Academy is getting along surprisingly, considering the small force at work. Rice Graves, a Brownburg darkey is there and likes his job. About a half-mile of grade is practically finished. We were there last Sunday just after our friend Mr. D. Morelli had finished a batch of baking, consisting of 100 pounds of bread. He has recently returned from the east, and says laborers are surprisingly scarce.

The West Virginia Central railway magnates held a meeting in Baltimore last week to consider the question of a speedy connection with the C. & O. by way of the Greenbrier Railway.

Corner-Stone Laying.

The corner-stone of Wesley Chapel, Methodist Episcopal Church South, at Academy, was laid August 26. The day was bright and our hearts joyous. Nearly every Mason in the county, about forty in number, was there, and the crowd has been estimated at five hundred. At eleven a. m. services were held at the church. Rev. D. S. Sydenstricker made the opening prayer; praying fervently for the erection of the new church. Rev. L. L. Lloyd, of Covington, Va. preached a strong sermon to a large congregation. Dinner was served in Okey Kinnison's beautiful grove. The tables were laden with good things, and the large gathering was soon served by the ladies. The Presbyterians vied with the Methodists in making the day a success. We are grateful to them for their help. The net proceeds of the dinner amounted to \$124.

At 3 p. m. the Masons marched from the Academy building to the dinner grounds, and were joined by the citizens, and then to the new church lot. J. Willis Baxter, Grand Worshipful Master, commanded silence, and Rev. J. H. Dills requested the Masons to lay the corner-stone. Prayer was offered by Capt. Smith, Grand Chaplain, and then the people sang:

"On this stone now laid with prayer
Let thy church rise strong and fair"

In the cavity there was deposited the Holy Bible, by little Neva Dills; two old copies of the Episcopal Methodist, published in the days of Dr. Bond, by Isaac McNeel; an old coin, by J. W. Beard; a list of the members of Wesley Chapel, the subscription list and a list of the members of the Huntersville Lodge, No 65, A. F. & A. M. As the stone was slowly lowered to its resting place, we sang:

"Rock of Ages cleft for me."

Corn, oil and wine, symbols of plenty, refreshment and joy, were poured upon the stone. Grand Worshipful Master J. W. Baxter handed the square, plumb and level to Mr. J. G. Knapp, the contractor, and charged him with the erection of the building, and invoked the blessing of God upon the workmen that would be engaged and upon the usefulness of the building when completed. The stone was then pronounced duly tested and truly laid according to the ancient rites of Masonry. The crowd then returned to the grove where Rev. L. L. Lloyd, the Grand Orator, made an appropriate address from the text: "Beloved I lay in Zion a precious corner-stone." So ended the day.

The stone is of Pocahontas black marble. A rough bolder was taken from the mountain side on the lands of Captain W. L. McNeel. It was sent to Hinton, and was finished and lettered by R. E. Noel. The only expense was the freight, \$1.33. The stone is beautiful and will endure for ages. We carry the old church name to the new and the same old, ever new, blessed gospel. We intend to build a church home, comfortable, convenient, useful, not for show or pride but a house in which to worship God. Pray for us and help us in this undertaking.

JNO. H. DILLS.

Yearlings for Sale.

I have 17 good steers and 8 heifers. Prospective buyers please write or call on me near Mill Point, West Virginia.

ASA BARLOW.

Dr. Miles' Nerve Plasters for Rheumatism,

ARBOVALE.

Squire Riley has the toothache. William Shears is some better of rheumatism at present.

Still more "railroad men" and teams passing through town.

Jeff Houchin of Travellers Rest, was in town one day last week.

Fin, refreshing, dust-laying showers on the 27th and 28th inst.

George Sutton of Rosin Run is poorly and has been so for 2 weeks.

Gordon Shaven, the well digger, has a rival now, but he doesn't dig wells.

Squire McGuffin has come back from Beverly and engaged himself with Sol W. Phares in the saddle shop.

William B. Wooddell has completed his large fence around his farm, eight miles high.

Osway Oradort and brother Jess our steam threshers, are doing fine work in hulling out the small grain.

H. J. Cowgar raised a sweet potato which weighed over one and a half pounds this early in the season.

J. W. Lambert and J. M. Sutton killed six fine grey squirrels one evening last week while out sporting.

It is hoped that the recent rains will start our mill, as times have been only tolerable in getting any grinding done.

Q. G. Arbogast still has his big hoot owl. He says, as it will eat nothing but meat, it is an expensive pet.

Rev Pullin, circuit rider of Pocahontas county, is attending quarterly conference in Greenbrier county at present.

Let all who enjoy pleasure &c., come out to the tournament September 9. All will be respectfully and kindly entertained.

To leave a name that will wake the echoes of eternity and survive the wreck of mortality should be the great ambition of all.

Will the Frost writer be kind enough to let us know, through his next report in the Times, what the good work is that is going on at their town?

Rev Wright, one of the Dunkard preachers from over the mountain, preached an able and interesting sermon Sunday morning at Pine Grove.

Arbovale is a pretty, quiet, little city.

That there are not more is a pity; With one street branching off from the big road,
Just the place for anybody's happy abode.

If not believed, come and see! Our merchant's as busy as a bee.
A REPORTER.

The Falling Leaves Give Warning of Winter

So the falling of the hair tells of the approach of age and declining power. No matter how barren the tree nor how leafless it may seem, you confidently expect leaves again. And why? Because there is life at the roots.

You need not worry about the falling of your hair, the threatened departure of youth and beauty. And why? Because if there is a spark of life remaining in the roots of the hair.

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will arouse it into healthy activity. The hair ceases to come out; it begins to grow; and the glory of your youth is restored to you.

We have a book on the Hair and its Diseases. It is free. The Best Advice Free.

If you do not obtain all the benefits you expect from the use of the Vigor, write the doctor about it. Probably there is some difficulty with your general system which may be easily removed. Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

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Dr. J. M. PONYTZ of Richmond, Ky.: "Rarely indeed does one have the opportunity of placing their daughters in so good an institution of learning as the one presided over by Rev. L. L. Telford at Lewisburg. Anyway, it has been good enough for me. My daughter has been cared for as if she had been a member of the family."

J. J. ECHOLS, Esq., of West Virginia: "I have been a patron of the Lewisburg Female Institute for the last six years, and I believe that under the present management it is the very best female school in the two Virginias. If I had a dozen daughters I would want them all educated there."

Dr. M. L. LACY, D. D., of West Virginia: "I honestly believe it is the very best school of which I have any knowledge."

Hon JOHN W. MCCREERY of the State Senate West Virginia: "I regard the school as one of the best in the country."

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